BEWARE!

I KNOW of soaps quite fair to see, Take care! They can both white and spurious be, Beware! Beware! Trust them not, They are fooling thee!

Take care!
They are of an inferior grade,
Beware! Beware!

Buy the IVORY!

They claim to be the purest made,

If they are recommended you, Take care! The grocer speaks not always true, Beware! Beware!

Some counterfeits are white as snow, Take care!
Take care!

False ca

"Hush!" says Cap'en, holding up his

hand. "D've hear that?"
Soon as our jabbering stopped we

heard sounds of people laughing and talking together, and once-twice-

There's been a power o' masses said fur her, rest her sowl! An' she'd

"More likely it's somebody on the

road to purgatory or a worse place. O'Brien," says Cap'en. "Any body

ere know any thing about this lo-

"Rather far north for those gentry."

says Cap'en.
"Well, yer see it's handy fur

runnin' stock over the border, an' than never was a better place fur hidin'.

Lord love yer. Cap'en, thar's no cend ter ther holes an' hollers. I could stow away a regiment within pistol shot, an' yer'd never s'picion ez thar was er

"I hadn't more'n begun to snore

and before I could holler, a hand wa

silves? Ould Gryce does be so fond of his scoutin' yarns, it's mesilf that 'ud

loike to have jist wan to match him.

We'll look up the cattymount or the wammin, whichiver it is, an' report to the Cap'en at broakfast."

"A moonlight scout, you Irish blun-

derbus! The night's as dark as —"
"Av ye'll take the trouble to open
thim slapy eyes o' yer own, ye'll foind
it light enough fur a bloind man."

Sure enough when I opened my eyes the storm clouds had all rolled away,

and a full moon was pouring a flood of light over every thing around. "But, UBrien, it's rather a risky

thing to go stumbling about these rocks in the middle of the night

We'll tumble into a trap the first thing

"Och!" cried O'Brien, turning up his snub nose contemptuously, "it's mestif thought Dick the Divil always resuly for a fight or a frolic. Faith!

I mistook yez, an' I'il report to the Cape'n my lane if I git blowed into

"No, you won't It shan't be said Richard Readyhand refused to follow

where Terence O'Brien'd led. Come

.Walt! I'll make a third in the com-

"HELLO! MY PRAIRIE CHICKEN!"

we know."

soul anywhars 'bout."

ughter be in paradise be now."

thrice—a long-drawn moan.

Hold on to that and shun the rest,
Take care!
It is the cheapest and the best;
Of frauds beware!
Trust them not,
Trust pure IVORY.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the ganuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it. Copyright 1886, by Procter & Gamble.

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have heard of a wonderful island, have your The fulrest and sweetest on earth, some have said, Where biossoms the poppy, white, amber and Where languorous slumbers bring languorou

dreamers who its down by murmuring streams; who streams; Where the radiant hours
Are like exquisite flowers—
coded with fragrance, so wondrous of, hue, wretical island collect, Nothing to Do.

ternoen
Bet poems of April to music of June.
And the birds always slog.
And it slways is spring.
And Loins fruit grows, but no cypress nor rue,
in the marvelous island of Nothing to De.

On the map of my life its vague quest Tpursue. I've searched all the oceans and intimate bays. days; The gulfs and the straits and the furthermost sean,

For even a glimpse of the birds or the bons,
Or the inbulous fruits,
Or the spreading rose-roots,
Or plains which the somnolent blossoms be-

I have dreamed—have not your—or me ing lands.

Ha brown, sleepy brooks—of the shadows that

Its brown, sleepy processor.

In sandals of slinors nihwart the lush greet.

In sandals of slinors nihwart the lush greet.

Of drowny waves droning upon that fair beach.

Of the humming the luss.

Of the humming the luss.

Of ripple-kiased shells on the haloyon asads.

And of life, a perpetual folding of hands!

It was only a dream—never yet to my view
Has rises that take with its forest of palms,
Its indoinst walleys, the odorous calms.
Or opution groves, and the voice of its deep,
The voice of an ocean that chants in its sleep;
On some morning or night,
It perhaps was in sight,
But past tmy bark sailed ere explain or crew
Knew we neared the fair island of Nothing for

To its far, chardess borders what hand holds a clue? There, toll is unknown, and existence is bere Of efforts or purpose, of duty or care, Of pain or reward—of the thought and the deed.

deed.

For the infinite breadth of life's infinite need.

After all, is it sure?

Do the false mists allure?

Do I but a mirage—a phantom pursue,

When I seek the famed island called, Nothing
to Def.

-Mary Ashley Townsend, in Time.

A RANGER'S STORY. The Thrilling Romance of Canyon

Written for this Paper. E were camped in the Canyon Bianco and a mighty bad time we were programmed ing there. We were after cattle thieves running stock into

ry of snow came up, overed the tracks, and drove us to the tee of a big bowlder We had finished our supper and were

smoking round the fire, when all on a audden there rang out from somewhere 'mongst the rocks the awfoliest scream mortal car ever heard. We all jumped up in a burry, and, says I:

"Great Scott! boys, what's up?
That was a woman's voice."

"Ye've missed it loike yer mammy's "Ye've missed it loike yer manmy's blessing, Dick," says O'Brien. "Twor no more like a wummin's voice then yer own ould rusty bell-clapper rub-bin forminst the file in yer throat is loike a canary bird's whistle." "Sounded more like a painter's a woman." said another.

"Painter be hanged!" growled old from into the middle o' things lolke to from into the middle o' things lolke to the middle o'

joined two weeks ago. You mayn't hows an' whys. Av a man knows a know me because I've been on a scout thing, what's the difference how he most ever since, but it's so." I recollected that some such looking

chap had joined us about that time, but I couldn't have sworn to him even by daylight. However, it made little odds to us, and all three of us struck off from camp together.
"Which way did the sound come
from?" asked I, after we had gone

about fifty yards.

"From the norrad," answered
O'Brien, promptly. "I does be thinkin' that's the rasin we heard it so plain.
The wind's blowin' loike it came

straight from the pole, an' it fetched the scrame wid it." Due north we steered, and after walking a quarter of a mile or so we saw a big bowlder shead with a red blaze shiping somowhere near it, dis-tinct from the white light around us.

"Howly saints!" ejaculated O'Brien, "that does be the place sure. Sorgeant, what's yer orders? Yet can take the "Keep your mouth shut then, and creep after me as easy as mice. Pull your guns, but no firing without or-

As we draw nearer, the red light

grew broader and deeper, but we could see no fire. "Faith! an' that's mighty quare entirely," whispered O'Brien, whose tongue nothing short of a gag could have silenced "I'm thinkin' they does be houldin' witches' sabbath up here, and that loight'll vamose as soon's they git seint of us."

Just then we made out that the light came from the base of a huge bowlder. "Old Gryce hit it. A cache of Grayson's or some other gang; perhaps the very gents we're been following Who'd have thought of looking here?

"Let me go on scout, sergeant,"
says the boy, in a mighty hurry as I
thought. 'That light comes from a
cave—for God's sake let me find the
way in, and see who's in it."

"Hold on youngster," says I, grip-ping his arm as he was making off. "'Pears to me that you're too previous." How do I know what you're up tof You're a stranger to me, young fellow; you've forced yourself along with us; for all I know you'll give us away to whoever's hiding in that hole. You ome along with us, and if I see any thing queer about you, it'll be the

vorse for you."

The boy threw up his hands with a geature of wild impatience. "My God!" he muttered, "if they only

nore. It was plain he was hiding omething. "Go on a step before us," said I, mo-

tioning with my pistol toward the light; "and mind-not a word-not a step aside—or I shall just scatter your orains on these rocks."

"Faix!" says O'Brien, "It seems loike we'd camped right over the mouth o' purgathery. Be jabers! I hope it isn't me ould grandmither that's mounin' an' grounin' that a way! That seemed to stiffen him, for he put down his hands and went on quietly enough. In five minutes more length in the hot glow. It was plain they hadn't any idea of our neighbor-hood, for they laughed and talked loudly, and often took a swig from a brown jug standing by. They were a common looking lot of border ruf-fians, and among them I recognized Grayson and Coats, who were wanted all over Texas for murder, train rob-bing and horse stealing. We all looked at old Gryce, who stroked his white beard and puffed at hev hearn tell ez how Grayson's gang's got er enche somewhars 'about here."

bing and horse stealing.

A woman was scated on a rock in the full glow of the fire. I could not see her face, for her albows were propped on her knees, and her head puried in her hands, but I judged from her figure, and the long black hair fall-ing 'round her like a vall, that she was young. At sight of her the boy ut-tered—I don't know what—it sounded like a curse smothered in groans.

'I dare say; and it's from some of these holes the sound we heard came. The girl raised her head quickly and Well, nothing can be done to-night, but in the morning we'll have a search for the wolves and loxes that are hidsooked round. What a face! never saw its like before -I never shall again. It was the most beautiful In the far away island called Nothing to Do. | comfortably when I felt my arm pulled, in a glassy stare as if they had chapped over my mouth and O'Brien whispored: "Whisht, ye notsy divil! Do yes want to rouse the howl camp. Looky here Dick, what d'ye say to a moon-light scout all be our own two

"Sergeant," cried the boy, the big tears rolling down his face, "it is my sister those villains have got there. These devils came raiding into the sister those villains have got there. These devils came raiding into the Panhandle where we lived. I was out hunting, and when I returned I found nothing but ruin and desolution. Our cattle and horses were driven off, our house burned, my father shot down for defending his property, and my young sister carried off. My father was still alive, but could only gasp a few words charging me to follow and save my sister. Then he died. I could get no help—our nearest neighbor lived ten miles off—and I had no time to lose. I buried my father as well as I could; then followed the robbers, determined to save Alice or kill her and die with her. I lost the trail in the snow, but found your camp. I bettles free at H. B. Garner's Electric Bitters.

pany."
I looked round and saw a slip of a boy standing near. In the moonlight he looked as fair and delicate as a girl. "Hello! my prairie chicken,"

"Tare an ages! there ye go win yer



'AN' JIST SQUARE THE LIFE OUTEN HIM. "I will said young Bray. "I'll save Alice from any thing worse than death."

"Don't be in such a mortial hurry to shoot yer sister, me boy. Toime enough for that. Cover the morowder nixt to yez; and whin ye hear a wild turkey yilp blaze away, and moind ye don't waste yer shot. The sergeant an me'll dhrop two more that same minit; this jump in an' finish 'em."
"But, O'Brien—"
"But, Dick the Divil, yez don't

vagabins wid me to the fore? Come along, an' yez see we'll give a good ac-count o' thim to the Cap'en, an' take

the shoine off n ould Gryce."
"We must summon them to sur-render first. Rangers don't shoot men down in that cold-blooded way." "Ye're mighty pertickier. It's little Cap'en 'ud care how we bagged Gray-

Capen ud care how we bagged Grayson. But have yer own way, so yez
come along."

Out-talked and led on by the dareall spirit of the thing. I followed
O'Brien, while the young stranger
moved to the cave-door and stood with
ready pistol before it. We had not moved more than fifty paces towards the rear of the cave before we saw a gleam of light, which brightened as we advanced until we reached what was evidently a back entrance to the

obbers' den. We crept cautiously in and had not gone far before the increasing glow warned us we were coming to close quarters. Silently we drew near enough to cover our men; then the stern command, "Throw up your hands!" rang through the cave.

The startled desperadoes sprang to their feet, but with no thought of surrender. The muzzles of six revolvers finshed simultaneously, and the cave but with deadly intent. Then we fired, and three of the marauders lay quietly enough. In five minutes in the stretched on the rocky floor. Anough we were opposite the mouth of the thick smoke we rushed in and cave and could get a glimpse of the inside. Around the fire six great by the unlooked-for attack, my antagbulky follows lay stretching their lazy onist and O'Brien's made but little and only in the hot glow. It was plain sistance, and were soon disarmed and pinloned. But the outlaw chief, the notorious Grayson, was unfuckly at-tacked by young Bray; and before our contest was finished he had stabbed the poor boy mortally, thrown him aside like a dead loaf, and leaped through the door, making good his es-cape for about the twentieth time.

Poor Bray died before morning, re-joicing with his latest breath that his life had ransomed his sister from a much worse fate than death. His last words were to me: "I leave her to you. She has no one to take care of her now. Be good to her."

I accepted the legacy, and if any of you ever come up to Erath County, give me a call, and you'll see a little black-eyed woman with half a dozen black-eyed children. She's my wife, and it 'pears to me she looks sorter like the girl I found in Grayson's cache.

seen some sight so horrible it had turned them into stone. I seized the youngster with a grip that reminded him to keep silence, and dragged him away to a safe distance.

"Now, boy, just explain this bustness, and say why you can't keep still tongue when." him to keep silence, and dragged him away to a safe distance.

"Now, boy, just explain this bustness, and say why you can't keep a still tongue when all our lives depend on! it."

"It's in luck we are," broke in O'Brien, "that the spalpeens is makin' such a hullabaloo thimsilves, or it's riddled wid bullets we'd be, me boys."

"Sergeant," cried the boy, the big number.

Is Consumption Incurable.

and die with her. I lost the trail in the saow, but found your camp. I heard you plan your scout, I felt I must go with you, so I stid I belonged to your company. This is the truth, so help me Godf And oh! as you are men, with mothers and sisters of your own, save my Alice!"

O'Brien brushed his rough hand across his eyes.

"Ar coorse we will, me poor gossoon! Howly saints! it's nothin! Terry O'Brien 'ud lolke betther thin to lape into the middle o' thim, an' saize wan wid me right hand an' wan wid me lift, an' jist squaze the life out'n thim, the bloody thaifs o' the wureid!"

"Tall talk, O'Brien, but they're six and we're three. And even if we had equal force, only one at a time can enter that cave, and we should be shot down singly. No chance for a rush. I see nothing for it but to return to

down singly. No chance for a rush. I see nothing for it but to return to camp and report. In the morning "Morning!" cried the boy. 'Good God! Sergeant, can you stand there and coolly talk about morning! It is my sister, my sister, I tell you, in the hands of those devils! I shall go mad before morning."

before morning."

"My boy, I feel for you and would gladly help your sister. But what can we three do?"

TO ADVERTISERS
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gladly help your elster. But what can we three do?"

"I've got it!" cried O'Brien, "yo poor unfort'nl't Saxons havn't the laste taste o' contrivance. That bloody ould cave's got another dure—"

"How do you know?"

"Tare an ages! there ye go win yor

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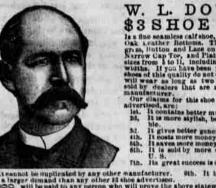
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